

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.
Write Your Name and Address Plainly.



There is nothing like Asthmalene brings instant relief, even in two cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I dispaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler.

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

we can state that Asthmalene contains no Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own will as well as many others, I changed to see your sign upon your windows on 10th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and read with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your 1-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for 3 years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

S. RAPHAEL.

67 East 120th st., New York City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

Sold by All Druggists.

SCREEN DOORS!

GOLD PAINT, WHITE LEAD AND VARNISHES.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT WORK

THE

19th CENTURY FREEZER

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

Rider & Cotton's,
65 MARKET STREET.

The only new announcement that can be said of the celebrated

1-20-4

10c CIGAR

the sales are constantly increasing the old territory and meeting with success in new fields.

R. G. SULLIVAN, Mfr.,

Manchester, N. H.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

SOLE AGENTS FOR

OLD COMPANY LEHIGH COALS

ALSO

Reading and Wilkesbarre Coals

Best Preparation Obtainable

In This City.

137 MARKET ST.

TWO PERISH.

Fire In New York Building Causes Panic

Others Fatally Burned In Escaping From The Caldron Of Fire.

Caused By Boy Sweeping Cotton Over A Lighted Cigar Stub.

New York, May 5.—Two persons perished and several were injured today in a fire which destroyed the interior of the building at 304 Pearl street, occupied by the Eureka Bedding company. The dead are Emma Bolcher, 19 years of age, and John Lynch. The injured are Ethel McGrath, burned, probably fatally; Katie Wadsworth, contusion of the back and internal injuries, caused by jumping from fourth floor; Annie Gilroy, sprains and bruises, caused by jumping from fourth floor. The fire started on the first floor of the building near a pile of stair pads. A boy was sweeping the loose cotton over the floor and it is supposed that he swept the stuff over a lighted cigar or cigarette stub. The cotton burst into a blaze, the stair pads were set afire and in an instant the fire spread through the first floor and mounted upward. A panic ensued, and disregarding the fire escapes, many of the employees jumped from rear windows to the roof of an extension. It was in this way that Miss Gilroy and Miss Wadsworth were hurt. The bodies of Miss Bolcher and Lynch were found on the top floor, death having resulted from burns and suffocation.

MAY SAVE HIS LIFE.

Capt. Moore Of The Twenty-seventh Infantry Has A Chance Of Recovering From His Wounds.

Manila, May 5.—There is a chance of saving the life of Capt. Moore of the Twenty-seventh infantry, who was wounded in the battle with the Moros by treachery, a portion of his skull that presses on the brain. The body of Second Lieut. Vickers of the Twenty-first infantry has been given temporary burial at Malabang. Hopes are entertained of saving the lives of the other wounded American officers.

MINISTER TO CUBA.

H. G. Squires, Secretary of Legation At Peking, Selected By The President.

Washington, May 5.—H. G. Squires, secretary of the United States legation at Peking, has been selected by the president as minister to Cuba. Gen. E. S. Bragg of Wisconsin is to be consul general at Havana.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

London, May 6.—In a despatch from Athens, the correspondent of the Daily Mail reports that a revolt occurred among the inhabitants of the island of Thasos in European Turkey, against the collector of taxes. The governor of the island, says the correspondent, ordered the gendarmes to fire on the rioters, with the result that a large number of men, women and children were killed.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN DEAD.

New York, May 5.—Archbishop Corrigan died at 11:05 o'clock tonight. Although he had passed a good day and was talking at twenty minutes of eleven, his heart gave way at eleven o'clock and he breathed his last five minutes later. The end was most peaceful, the last breath passing with no evidence of pain.

TELEGRAMS OF SOLICITUDE.

The Hague, May 5.—Telegrams this evening continue to pour in begging for information concerning the condition of Queen Wilhelmina and expressing the sincerest sympathy with her majesty.

RAILROAD PROPERTY BURNING.

New York, May 6.—The Erie railroad shops on Hackensack Meadows, west of Jersey City, are burning. The exact estimate of loss cannot be ascertained at this hour, one o'clock.

BUSINESS SECTION OF A TOWN DESTROYED.

Danbury, Conn., May 5.—A disastrous fire of unknown origin tonight wiped out the entire business portion of New Milford, entailing a property damage of at least \$100,000.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.

New York 1, Philadelphia 0; at New York.
Brooklyn 4, Boston 1; at Brooklyn.
Chicago 2, St. Louis 5; at Chicago.
Cincinnati 2, Pittsburgh 6; at Cincinnati.

American League.

St. Louis-Chicago, rain.
Boston 5, Baltimore 2; at Boston.
Philadelphia 7, Washington 5; at Philadelphia.

New England League.

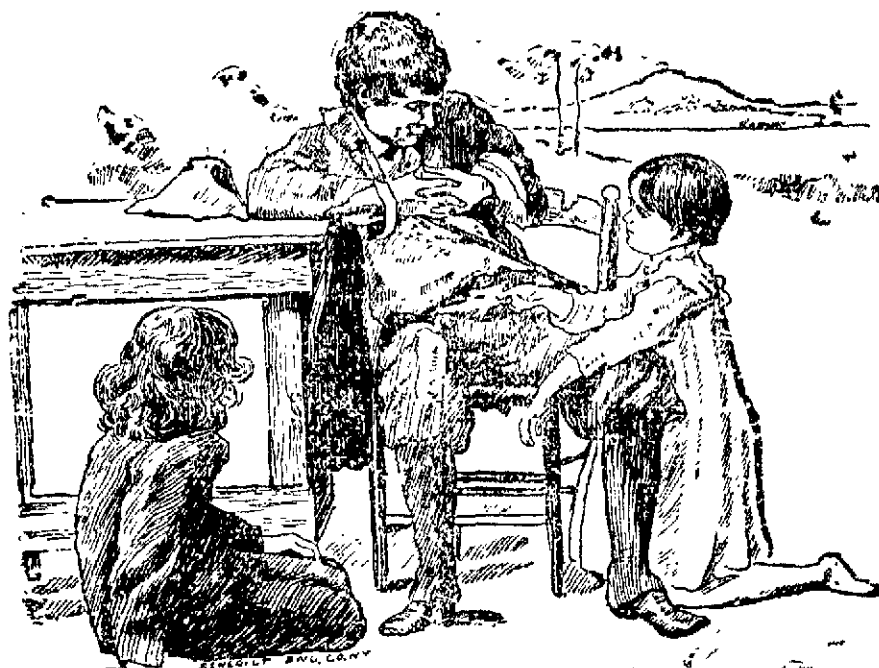
Manchester 2, Dover 1; at Manchester.
Nashua 5, Haverhill 1; at Nashua.
Concord 9, Lawrence 1; at Concord.
Lowell 2, Fall River 3; at Lowell.

THE CASUALTY LIST.

Washington, May 5.—General Chaffee has called the war department the following list of casualties at the battle of Bayan, Mindanao, on May 23, which despatch the department made public yesterday: Killed, First Lieutenant Thomas A. Vickers, Twenty-seventh infantry; Private James J. McGrath, Co. F, Twenty-seventh infantry; William Lorens, Charles Reynolds, John Langdon, Co. G, Twenty-seventh infantry; Alfred J. Callaghan, Frederick Cornell and Corporal Michael Golden. The officers wounded were R. S. Porter, major and surgeon; Corporal J. G. Moore, Second Lieutenant Albert L. Jonsman, First Lieutenant Henry S. Wagner, Sergeant John Wheaton and Sergeant Eugene McCarthy.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

No more praise could be given to Thomas Jefferson who appears in Rip Van Winkle at Music hall this evening than has been received by large houses wherever he has appeared since his first starring tour in that charming old play entitled Rip Van Winkle. He comes heralded here as an able exponent of Rip, that dear, vagabond whom the children love, and



THOMAS JEFFERSON
IN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

the elder ones remember as one of the most beautiful poetic pastimes on the American stage. A company of able players will aid Thomas Jefferson during his engagement in this city.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Barbara Frietchie is one of the most attractive creations based upon the troublous times from 1861 to 1864. Clyde Fitch has taken for its foundation, the immortal poem written by John G. Whittier, which bears the title of Barbara Frietchie and which celebrates the magnificent gallantry of "Stone-wall" Jackson, the Confederate warrior who forbade his soldiers to fire at a noble Barbara who was waving the Stars and Stripes from a window as Jackson's troops were marching by. A series of beautiful and thrilling scenes lead up to this thrilling incident, which is made the climax of one of the tenderest and sweetest love stories ever told on the stage. All the features of the drama are presented on a magnificent and impressive scale and the dramatic and romantic values of the piece are as strikingly emphasized as they were in the long and triumphant run of the play at the Criterion theatre, New York, for more than 150 nights. The company is said to be an exceptionally capable one.

MASSASOIT TRIBE.

There was a very large attendance at the regular meeting of Massasoit tribe of Red Men on Monday evening. The first and second degrees were conferred on several candidates and afterward supper was served. Wilbur B. Shaw did the catering.

CHRIST CHURCH.

There will be special services at Christ church on Ascension day, which will be very impressive; festival evensong will be at 7:45 on Wednesday evening, and a High celebration at five o'clock on Thursday morning.

MANY SLAIN.

35 Moro Prisoners Shot Dead While Running Away.

Make A Dash To Escape While Soldiers Are At Dinner.

Thirty-Five Shot Down, Nine Surrender And The Rest Escape.

Manila, May 5.—Eighty-four Moro prisoners under guard tried to escape today. At a signal, they got between the soldiers and the company eating dinner. The latter, realizing the situation, fired upon and pursued the Moros, killing thirty-five and capturing nine. The others escaped.

NINE NEW CORPORATIONS.

Business In This Line In Kittery Last Week Was Rushing.

The following stock companies were organized under the laws of the state of Maine in Kittery last week:
Main & Small company, capital stock \$10,000, general merchandise. Promoters, A. M. Meloon, New Castle, N. H.; Horace Mitchell, Newell K. Howe, Kittery.
Poole Skiving company, capital stock \$10,000, automatic skiving machines. Promoters, Isaiah F. Spindell, Lynn; H. M. Meloon, New Castle, N. H.; Horace Mitchell, Kittery.
Mansfield Furnace and Coal company, capital stock \$10,000. Promoters, A. M. Meloon, New Castle, N. H.; Hor-

PRAYED BEFORE DEADLY CHAIR.

John D. Cassels Put To An End This Morning.

THE SCENE A DRAMATIC ONE.

Prisoner Knelt Down And Asked Forgiveness For Those "Who Swore His Life Away."

Boston, May 6.—John D. Cassels, at 12 o'clock this morning, paid the penalty for the murder of Mrs. Mary J. Lane. At 12 o'clock he was electrocuted at the death house of the state prison in Charlestown.

There was a most dramatic scene when Cassels was brought out by four sturdy keepers who followed the condemned man, and the Rev. John S. Barnes, the prison chaplain, who held Cassels by his right arm. He showed no particular signs of fear, but when he arrived in front of the chair he knelt down and began to pray.

Cassels was abashed pale. He was dressed in trousers and vest of gray and gray shirt, which was turned down at the neck. The left leg of his trousers had been cut up to the knee and the trousers rolled up, showing his bare leg.

The chaplain of the prison stepped back to the west wall of the death house and Warden Bridges went back to the seats occupied by the legal witnesses of the execution. Cassels knelt on his bare left knee directly in front of the chair, clasping his hands above his head, and raising his eyes, began to pray.

Then in a voice which was thrilling, he began: "Gracious God, my Father, I beseech thee that thou wilt be merciful. Receive my soul and, Oh God, forgive those who swore this poor miserable life away. O God, cheer my poor old father in Scotland, and comfort my poor old mother and even him that he may forgive me. O God, cheer and be merciful to Mary, the woman I love, and the woman that thou made me love. Forgive those men who made me die and forgive those who see me die, because they are not to blame for it. God keep my children and forgive me who am about to die. God bless my children and keep them from harm."

At the conclusion of his prayer, Cassels stood up and he was quickly strapped in the chair and at exactly 12:40 o'clock the current was turned on. Cassels surged against the straps which held him in the chair and after one half minute, the current was turned off and the body sank back inert and apparently lifeless.

Dr. M. A. Harris, who represented the surgeon-general, applied the stethoscope to Cassels' breast and discovered a spasmodic movement of the heart, whereupon the signal was given to the electrician in charge, who once more turned on the current and again the body surged against the straps. This time there arose from the bare leg of Cassels, to which the electrode had been applied, a mass of steam, which some of the witnesses thought was caused by burning flesh. As a matter of fact there was no aroma and the film which seemed to rise was merely steam.

Dr. Haskett Derby of Boston and Dr. Joseph I. McLaughlin, the prison physician, examined the body after the second application and while they and Dr. Harris, the medical examiner, decided that Cassels was dead, it was rather as a matter of precaution that the current was once more applied.

Again the body surged up against the straps which bound it to the chair, and once more the steam from the electrode on the left leg arose. The current was kept on for the third time for about twenty seconds, then it was released and the medical men present examined the body and decided that Cassels was dead. Then the warden had the mask removed from the face of the dead man and his eyes were wide open, but indicated neither fear nor suffering.

MANY PROMINENT MEN THERE.

Portsmouth Was Well Represented at the Disturbed Cocking Main on Sunday.

It seems that that cocking main held in Berwick on Sunday morning was a well arranged affair and those in attendance had made every preparation for their comfort during the day. When the officers descended upon the place they found a temporary bar room in full blast and an appetizing dinner was being cooked on oil stoves. All this together with the ring paraphernalia and birds fell into the hands of the police.

Only three men were in court on

Monday answered to the charge against them. Charles Rowe and John Rines of Dover and Joseph Sullivan of Portsmouth were found guilty and fined \$1 and costs each.

County Attorney Mathews said that if the others do not immediately appear in court, the matter will be placed before the grand jury at Alfred this week and some more serious charges will be made.

It is said that among the men arrested Sunday were several prominent in business circles in this section. They gave fictitious names, but their true names are known to the officers and arrests probably will be made. Four teams and thirty-eight live birds which were at the farm when the raid was made have not been called for by their owners.

UNHAPPY MADE HAPPY.

List of Divorces Granted at Present Term of Superior Court.

At the April term of superior court the following divorces were granted by Judge Pike:

Frederick P. Ham from Mary L. Ham, Hampton; abandonment.
David H. Scripps from Lucy E. Scripps, Derry; abandonment.
Edual, Forbes from William O. Forbes, Portsmouth; adultery.
John L. Pender from Addie Pender, Portsmouth; abandonment.
Harriet M. Knight from George E. Knight, Brentwood; abandonment.
Ina A. Slives from John Slives, Derry; abandonment.
Albert P. Haselton from Carrie E. Haselton, Derry; abandonment.
Helen H. Mathes from Fred L. Mathes, Newmarket; abandonment.
Mary J. Rogers from Moses W. Rogers, Kingston; habitual drunkenness.
Sadie M. Foster from Harry K. Foster, Portsmouth; abandonment.
Francis C. Shaw from Frances E. Shaw, Greenland; adultery.
Further divorce libels will be heard at the adjourned term, which convenes on May 20.

TOMMY IN TROUBLE.

He Had A Watch Which The Police Don't Think Belonged To Him.

One of the famous Sullivan boys is in trouble again—and likewise is the police station. It is Tommy, the six-year old, this time.

On Monday evening, Tommy was going about town with a big silver watch, which he was trying to sell or give away—he didn't seem particular which.

Officer Hilton's attention was attracted to him and soon Tommy was in duressville, without the watch. That Capt. Marden carefully deposited in the cabinet of souvenirs, to await the call of the owner.

Tommy told Officer Hilton that he saw a "bloke" asleep on a door step and pulled the watch out of the man's pocket and skipped.

KITTERY.

Naval lodge of Masons of Kittery are requested to meet at their hall at one o'clock sharp on Wednesday to attend the funeral of Nicholas Weeks of Omaha, Neb., at his request. The funeral will be held in the Free Baptist church at Kittery Point.

add Kittery.
The stone cutters who have been obliged to discontinue work at the navy yard owing to the strike of workmen there are securing situations out of town and are leaving by the bunch. There appears to be plenty of work at other places.

There will be the regular meeting this evening of Constitution Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

Regular prayer meetings at the churches this evening.
The ferryboat Kittery is being painted throughout and being put in condition for the summer business. The machinery is also being put in first class shape.

Conductor Paul is now doing duty on the steamer Alice Howard as purser, and Capt. Tilton is in the pilot house, owing to the illness of Capt. Henry Marden.

Look on pages 1, 3, 4 and 6, for local news.

INDIAN FRIENDSHIP.

A RAILROAD WHICH KNOWS THAT IT IS WORTH HAVING.

The Delightfully Informal Winner In Which an Error is a Right of Way Payment to a Red Skinned Tribe Was Corrected.

As the traveler passes through the big Sioux reservation in Montana on the Overland express he is impressed with the uniform respect with which the Indians treat everybody connected with the railroad.

"The Indian is no fool," said a Great Northern official with whom I discussed the subject. "He knows when he is well treated and seldom expects anything unreasonable. This railroad has never knowingly done an Indian a wrong. We paid liberally for the right to cross the reservation, and any differences that arise are treated with consideration. We never try to impose upon the Indians in any way, nor do we permit them to impose upon us. When trains first began to run through the reservation, a number of ponies were killed by accident. We promptly paid for them, and the owners were satisfied. A few cunning Sioux thought they saw in the situation an opportunity to make money and drove their ponies on the track to be killed and paid for. We discovered the trick and appealed to the chief, who promptly suppressed the infidelity. This is the nearest approach to a misunderstanding that we have had."

A good story is told of a big chief who wanted to trade 100 ponies for a locomotive. He did not appreciate the utility of the track and thought he could dash over the prairie at will with the iron horse. It took some time and patience to get the idea out of the chief's head, but he finally relented. It was, however, a great disappointment.

Another story is connected with payment for the right of way through the reservation. It may not be quite accurate in letter, but is true in spirit. The through express from St. Paul to Helena had not been running long when a strange incident happened out on the prairie.

A solitary Indian, feathered in state fashion and mounted on a horse of rare beauty, occupied a conspicuous position beside the track and gave the engineer a friendly signal to stop. (Of went the steam, and a gentle touch of the airbrake brought the long train to a standstill.)

The red man explained that he represented his tribe in a matter of right of way. There had been a mistake, and the railroad ought to pay some more money. In this formal and diplomatic manner, the Indian explained, the matter was presented for adjustment in full confidence that the great white chief who built the railroad would be just to his Indian friends.

For the engineer this was a poser. He had no idea that he was a diplomat, but he was, all the same. He called the conductor, and all three discussed the case. The white men knew nothing of the merits of the matter. The Indian talked like one who understood his business and was telling the truth.

The amount involved was only a few dollars, and the conductor looked as wise as possible. He was a man of common sense sharpened by frontier life. With due deliberation he wrote out a receipt, which the Indian ambassador signed and the engineer witnessed. The money was paid out of the cash collections, and the conference was at an end.

The red man mounted his horse and applied his spurs. The engineer stepped into the cab and pulled a lever.

For an instant a party of eastern capitalists occupying an observation car were face to face with the Indian horseman. The white men received a lasting impression of majestic dignity and grace. The red man was dazzled by a vision of luxury of which he had never dreamed.

The extremes of civilization and savagery had met and parted in friendship. The Indian, according to tribal custom, reported the success of his mission with solemn formality and suppressed joy.

The train conductor, according to the regulations of the modern corporation, made a notation to the auditor on a blank form provided for the purpose, explaining why he was short in his cash and asking that his report be held in abeyance until he could secure the approval of his irregular act by a higher official.

The approval came, with a statement that the Indian was right. There had been a mistake in the right of way settlement. It was also stated that the president of the railroad had intimated that while rules are sacred things there are times when common sense may serve a good purpose.—*Atchison Globe.*

Illiterate, but Quick Witted.

Reuben Fields is certainly a unique character. The editor first knew him in Johnson county, Mo., about 30 years ago. He was then just about grown and possessed wonderful gifts in matters of mathematics, and it was said you could never put a question to him for which he would not have an answer at his tongue's end. On one occasion two traveling men were discussing his case, and one bet the other he could not spring a question on Reuben which would puzzle him for an answer. The first time he met Reuben he said in an abrupt manner, "Reuben, if an Indian should come along and cut off the top of your head and take your brains away, what would you do?"

Quick as a flash Reuben replied, "Go round without any, like you do."

It is needless to say he paid the bet, with probably the cost of a western irrigation for the crowd. Fields is a native of Bath county. He would never go to school and is wholly illiterate. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A TROPHY OF BURGLARY.

Drummer Carries a Gold Watch as a Souvenir of His Deed.

"This watch was part of the spoils of a burglary in which I participated in 1881," said a guest in the St. Charles lobby to a reporter, drawing out a handsome gold timepiece with a curious spiral pattern engraved in heavy relief on the lid. "It was my first affair of the kind, and I regret to say I bungled it and got caught almost immediately. What is the joke, did you ask? There is no joke; it is perfectly true. It happened like this:

"In the fall of 1881, when I was quite young and green, I got a job traveling for a Chicago grocery house, and one of the first places I visited was a small town in northern Ohio. I arrived about 11 at night and went out to take a stroll and smoke a cigar before going to bed. Passing through a side street, I noticed a light in the little jewelry store and also that the door was ajar. That reminded me I had recently broken the mainspring of my watch, and I sauntered in to leave it for repair.

"As I entered a young man arose from the further end of the counter. He seemed startled, which was not unusual at such a late call, but he regained his composure while I explained the purpose of my visit and told me he had closed some hours before, but happened to remember some things that had been left out of the safe and returned to put them back. When I banded him my watch, I asked him to lend me another to wear in the meantime, and he gave me one at random from a tray on the counter. This is it on my chain now.

"Next morning," continued the story teller, "I was lounging in the hotel office, when the town marshal tapped me on the shoulder.

"'Let me see your watch,' he said.

"I pulled it out mechanically and was at once placed under arrest on the charge of robbing the jewelry store. It seemed that it had been burglarized during the night, and somebody in the hotel had noticed my peculiar looking watch and reported it to the police. It was promptly identified as part of the stolen goods, and, needless to say, my story as to its acquisition was laughed to scorn. I was obliged to admit that it seemed a little gaudy myself, and I can't say I blame the authorities for declining to give it credence.

"At any rate, I found myself in the deuce of a fix. My old watch had been carried off by the thief, and there was absolutely nothing to confirm my statement except the bare fact that none of the other goods was found in my possession. That, however, went for very little, for it was argued that I had had abundant time to conceal my plunder. In my agitation and excitement I must have presented a perfect picture of guilt, and the townspeople came near mobbing me on the way to jail. They kept me there for exactly three hours, the agony of which will dwell with me if I live to be a hundred.

"Meanwhile the sure enough burglar had been bagged in an adjoining town with all the loot, including my timepiece, in his valise, and when I was finally released he was banded into my cell. If he hadn't been caught, I don't know what might have happened. I don't like to think about it. The authorities made groveling apologies, and the jeweler was especially abject. To placate me he offered to let me keep the new watch in exchange for my old one, and I accepted the proposition. I carry it as a sort of tragic-comic souvenir."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

It Was Dewey's Treat.

"In 1896," said Colonel Frank Small, advance agent for a theatrical company, "I was in Washington with Rose Coghlan, playing at what was then Abingdon's Opera House. One afternoon I was in the box office chatting with the ticket manipulator and watching the matinee girls when three ladies came in, followed by 100 children, boys and girls.

"One of the ladies stepped up to the window and said, 'We have just an even 700 children here and here is a check for \$25 to pay for the tickets for them.' She handed in a check signed by George Dewey, and the tickets were passed out to the lady. The happy youngsters were soon enjoying the play.

"I didn't know George Dewey from Adam's egg ox, and I asked the ticket man who he was. He told me that Mr. Dewey was a navy officer and that it was not the first time he had handled his checks in that way; that once each season anyway the children from some of the several orphan asylums were given such treats by the gentleman, but that he seldom attended a performance himself."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Animals That Count.

"In India, where I was a cornet of her majesty's hussars, I gave a good deal of attention to elephants," said Murray Garde the other night. "What particularly interested me was the bold, original method an elephant has of getting down a hill when the gradient is too steep for walking. He sits calmly down on his hindquarters, you know, pushes off, and, bzz, bzz, he's at the bottom. It hurts, though—the friction, the inequalities of the descent, the tenderness of the hide, don't you know?

"But I only speak of this because the heads of your country remind me of it. The heads of Utah and Wyoming are the closest of wild animals I have ever seen. They, too, slide down the precipices and the mountains, but they are more tender of themselves than the elephants. They cut back from a tree with their teeth and claws in strips big enough to be sat upon comfortably, and on those toboggans they coast down the steep slopes of their wild country without any evil effects. A strange sight it is, I tell you!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

A WHISTLING WHALE.

THE HEAD OF A HARPOON MADE THE SPOUTER A FREAK.

A Badly Scared Boat's Crew and an Exciting Battle With the Monster, Who Crushed a Small Boat Between His Ponderous Jaws.

"The only time I ever was really frightened was when I was fast to a whistling whale on the Japan grounds in 1842." Old Captain Rogers of New London was talking. "It was my second voyage whaling, and I had shipped as boat steerer on the Nautilus. We had been out from home some 12 months and had met with fairly good luck, when one morning 'There she blows' came down from one of the lookouts aloft. It was just after six bells, and the second mate's watch was below. The mate, whose boat I steered, was in charge of the deck.

"'Where away?' he shouted.

"'About three miles off the weather beam.'"

"The whale, after it had sounded, broke water half a mile nearer the ship, spouted once and turned flukes.

"'That whale acts to me as if he was galloped,' said the old man as he came down on deck. 'He's got separated from a school.'"

"'Shall we lower?' asked the mate.

"'Yes, but spread your chances and work cautious, for you'll find him shy.'"

"All three boats were lowered, and for some 20 minutes we pulled hard, taking courses a little different. Then all three crews stopped and waited for the whale to come up again. The three boats were then about half a mile apart, ours a little the farthest from the ship.

"Suddenly the whale broke water a short distance from the second mate's boat and began to spout. And he spouted with a most unearthly whistle. I tell you, it scared us. The men sat motionless in their seats until the whale went circling about. It didn't seem to know we were near till he suddenly started for the second mate's boat open mouthed.

"As he came on with a rush the crew to a man leaped overboard. He took the empty boat in his jaws and crushed it like an eggshell. Then, catching sight of our boat, he came at us, but our crew had partly recovered their wits and sprang to the oars with a will.

"To escape by speed was no go, but just as the whale overtook us the mate gave the boat a sudden sheer to port by a quick stroke of the steering oar, and the monster shot by, just grazing the starboard oars.

"As he passed I let drive one iron at him, and it planted him, but before I could grasp the second he turned flukes and went down like lightning. The sting of the harpoon had taken all the fight out of him.

"I tell you he went down deep, and his speed was surprising. We had to pour water on the cheeks to keep them from blazing. One drag after another was bent on to stop him. But, no. Only a single fluke of line was left in the tail when the strain ended and the line began to slacken.

"'He's risen!' exclaimed the mate. 'Haul in slack, and when he breaks water I'll let day light through him!'

"When about half of the line was in, the whale came about a dozen boat lengths ahead. And he was spouting again with the same unearthly whistles. It put terror into all but the mate, who was toward with his lance, bent on 'greasing it.' I had taken his place at the steering oar.

"We started to pull up to the whale, but away he went, towing the boat after him so fast that the water rose like walls on both sides.

"For half an hour more he kept this up, then suddenly stopped and lay at most still on the water. Slowly and cautiously we pulled up to him. When we came within striking distance, the mate thrust at his vitals with the lance, and pretty soon he rolled over dead.

"On cutting into that whale the next day we found the cause of the whistling. It was the head of a harpoon imbedded transversely across one of the animal's spout holes in such a manner that the escaping air produced a shrill sound. The iron bore the initials of the ship James Loper of Nantucket, and we afterward learned that she had struck and lost a large sperm whale by the breaking of a harpoon some 18 months previous.

"Two New Bedford ships and a bark from New London, which reached home before us, reported having severally chased but failed to get fast to a lone whale, which whistled like a steam engine when it spouted.

"His roaring about alone is accounted for by presuming that his whistling frightened and scattered every school that he approached. He was a noble fellow and stowed down 97 barrels of sperm oil."

"But what became of the second mate's crew, who were left struggling in the water when their boat was demolished?" I asked.

"Oh, the other boat picked them up and took them back to the ship," replied the old captain as he lighted his pipe and settled back for a smoke.—*Youth's Companion.*

What Poverty Did.

In a poem on "Poverty," an Arkansas poet says:

Poverty's coming; you cannot shirk;
Ever around 'tis lurking;
Poverty put my pen to work,
And poverty keeps me working.

Verily, poverty is to blame for a great many things in this vale of sunshine!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Automobile Talk.

"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—*Automobile Magazine.*

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

What the Maiden and the Matron Had to Say About It.

"I never could accept a proposal from a man unless the conditions were just right," said the romantic maiden thoughtfully.

"Of course not," replied the matter of fact matron. "He must be the right man in the first place, and he must propose in the second. Those are the conditions that must be always just right before any sensible girl will think of marriage."

"Oh, I don't mean that," returned the maiden. "He must know how to propose. Do you know, I believe if I were really in love with a man and he didn't propose properly I should reject him."

"When it comes to proposals of marriage," replied the matron, with decision, "any way is the right way."

"Oh, no, it isn't," asserted the maiden. "The surroundings must be appropriate. Everything must be in harmony. If my Prince Charming proposes to me in the house, he must be in a dress suit, and he must be earnest but dignified. There must be a certain ease and elegance of manner, and his words must conform to his actions. If he proposes to me in the woods or on the lawn, he may be in negligee attire, outlandish costume or something like that, and he may then be more impassioned and vehement in his declarations. But I never could accept a man in negligee costume who proposed in the house."

"Don't you be too sure about it," returned the matron.

"Oh, but I am," said the maiden. "I have figured it all out very carefully. The scene must make a perfect picture. It would just kill the romance if it didn't and I couldn't possibly accept him. And his words and tone! Both must breathe love and yet be in conformity with all the surroundings."

"I've known lots of girls who thought that," said the matron reflectively. "And it didn't happen that way?"

"No; hardly."

"But in your case?"

The matron sighed.

"I had the same idea," she said at last. "I pictured some quiet nook, the birds twittering, the sun shining brightly and all the world joyous as he poured well rounded sentences throbbing with love into my ear. Or else I saw him sinking on one knee in front of the divan upon which I was sitting and looking me straight in the eyes with a long, lingering look of love, while he said: 'Oh, adorable one, be mine! Say that this is not to be a world of Stygian darkness for me, but that the sunlight of true love shall shine ever brightly as we go through life hand in hand!'"

"Oh, beautiful! Lovely!" cried the maiden. "That's just the way I've pictured it. And when your Prince Charming did come what did he say?"

The matron sighed again.

"He was taking me home under an umbrella in a rainstorm," she explained. "I was wet, and he was wet. My hair was stringy, and there was mud on his trousers, and we were altogether two of the most unprepossessing looking mortals you ever saw. When he was about to leave me at the door, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Say, I'd like to carry that umbrella over you all the time.'"

"What? I said in some surprise.

"'Oh, to put it in plain words,' he said, 'let's get married. How about it?'"

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Wasn't it?"

"Such an inappropriate place and time!"

"Yes, indeed."

"And such prosaic words!"

"Most prosaic."

"Oh, I couldn't accept a man under those circumstances."

"If he was the right man, you would, nevertheless."

"Oh, I couldn't do it possibly," protested the maiden. "I'd feel that I'd lost half my life. Why, in a case like that he couldn't even fold you in his arms and all that when you said 'I'—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the matron. "Not so fast. You'll know a lot more about men than you do now when you accept one, no matter how, when or where it may be. There are some features of the occasion they never overlook, but don't you build your hopes too high on everything else being in harmony."—*New York Sun.*

Sea Gulls as Weather Prophets.

The ex-boat captain looked over the rail of the Hoboken ferryboat toward the east. The rising sun, which had just cleared the house tops of Manhattan borough, looked like a huge red ball.

"Dirty weather coming," said the ex-captain. "The sun never looks that way unless there's rain in the air. Then look at those seagulls too. You never see them in a harbor or on shore unless there is trouble brewing out to sea. Way back in the sixties I was on a sailing ship coming up from southern ports. When we were abreast of Hatteras, the weather was very warm, and the crew were set to work washing ship. The men were barefooted, and their trousers were rolled up to their knees. Soon we saw several gulls flying about our trucks. In half an hour there must have been 200 of them. The barometer did not indicate any change, and we certainly thought the birds had been fooled that time. But about an hour before sunset the barometer began to fall as if the bottom had dropped out of the glass. By midnight we were in the teeth of a wild blizzard as I ever struck. We reached New York all ice-upt."

In the evening of the day on which the ex-captain had prophesied bad weather it rained.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Peacock Superstitions.

According to Mohammedan tradition the peacock opened the wicked of paradise to admit the prince of darkness and received a share of his punishment. The feathers, gorgeous in their hellish dye, reflect the glamour of the evil eye.

Hence the origin of the superstition that peacocks' feathers are unlucky, though the superstition is sometimes said to have its origin in the fable of Argus, whom Juno set to watch I, one of her husband's mistresses. Argus was beguiled by Mercury and lulled to sleep by his playing, thus allowing I, to escape. Juno, to punish Argus, placed his many eyes in the tail of her peacock, who thenceforward proudly displayed them. Thus a peacock's feathers became the symbol of watchful and vindictive jealousy. There was an old superstition that peacocks raffled their feathers at the sight of poison.

The Thread Tooth.

"Some day I'm going to get up a lecture and advertise it to be delivered before women only," said a dentist. "In that way I'll be sure to draw a big crowd, and when I get a whole grist of femininity within bearing distance I'm going to preach at them for all I'm worth. My text will be 'The Thread Tooth.' Why you women will persist in doing such senseless things when you know the result is going to be more or less harmful is something I can't for the life of me understand, but it is a fact that nine out of ten of you who use the needle, be it much or little, will go on biting as if nothing better than teeth had ever been invented for the purpose of severing thread. I verily believe that if a woman had a dozen pairs of shears within reach she would bite her thread instead of clipping it, which really doesn't take a second longer."

"But I don't bite hard," my callers always protest when I expostulate with them. Great Scott, what an argument! Just as if a person had to bite clear through a millstone to break the enamel on a tooth. A thread is a fine, delicate thing, to be sure, but so are some saws and files, and all are sure to cut their way through almost any substance if applied persistently. When I get my lecture ready, I'm going to say all this and a good deal more, and I'm going to wind up with the advice that I'm giving now to every woman who handles a needle: 'Don't bite your thread. Cut it or break it or do any other old thing with it, but don't, if you value your incisors and your cuspidors and your bicuspids, saw it off with your teeth.'"—*New York Sun.*

One Lost Her Shoe.

While in Samoa Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in a great measure did as the Romans did—that is to say, as the Samoans did. It was Louis' custom to lie abed late of a morning and spend the remainder of the time under a tree on the hill, clad in light pyjamas, the dress of the native Kanaka.

With his wife it was the same. Stays were unknown to her and a curling iron a dim recollection of a shady past. It was while Stevenson and his wife were living at Apia, in Samoa, that Mr. Heywood was appointed consul there for this country.

Shortly after his arrival in the country he arranged for a reception to the English, German and American residents of the community that they might meet him in his official capacity and be them as "citizens of Samoa."

Of course an invitation was sent Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife. Two days before the date of the function Mr. Heywood was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Stevenson sent by courier. The note read as follows:

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Robert Louis Stevenson accept Consul Heywood's invitation with pleasure and assure him that they will be present on the evening of the 23d, if by that time Mrs. Stevenson finds her other shoe. Ever thine,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

Still Kicking.

There is a Woodward avenue business man who always takes his lunch at a little place on Bush street, kept by a German. "He gives me just what I want," says the merchant, "and he is always entertaining."

"He kept me a little longer than usual the other day, when I suddenly remembered an engagement, looked at his clock, looked at my watch and then looked at him."

"What time have you, anyhow?" I inquired.

"Dot? Dot is compromise dime, sir."

"'W-h-a-t?'"

"Compromise dime. All dose men dey comes in here and dey say 've mus' haf sun dime or 've mus' haf stan'art dime, and dey rax and gaff names, and sometimes you dink it could be a fight. So I say by mischance I mus' not dake sides, for dey all do dime say to me how it is, and I all do dime say I know nothings. So I puts in der compromise dime and none of 'em can glick."

"But what is it?"

"'Tis his day,' I poot dot glock back fourteen minutes behind stan'art dime, and I poot him fourteen minutes ahead off sun dime. Dot is what you glick it—neutral dime or compromise dime. But what makes me misunderstand myself is dot dey glick like der mischief youst der same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANCIENT INVENTIONS.

THEY GO TO PROVE THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

With All Our Modern Progress We Have Not Been Able to Improve on Euclid or to Devise a More Scientific Game Than Chess.

Something very similar to the telephone was used in China 1,000 years ago. Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China ages ago, and one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sounds of people's voices that were dead, a machine similar to Edison's phonograph.

Ancient Egypt boasted "a nickel in the slot" machine, while Layard found in ruins of Nineveh what Sir David Brewster pronounced to be a "magnifying glass," and nearly 4,000 years ago the Egyptians and Assyrians observed the stars through a sort of primitive telescope.

Thimbles have been found in prehistoric mounds with every evidence of having been made by machinery similar to our own. Hats with glass heads and safety pins with a little coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other were in use in Pompeii 2,000 years ago. Combs and hairpins have been in existence for 20 centuries, and housewives 5,000 years ago patched their husbands' garments with needles and thread.

Very fine razors were made at the present day, but are of no finer steel than that contained in the Damascus swords and knives which the ancients used several thousand years ago.

The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers and could produce colors so durable that they may be called imperishable. They were also wonderful glass workers and could make glass malleable in a way which is unknown to us. They could make glass garments dyed in every shade of color and etched with runic script.

Electricity derives its name from the Greek word for amber, electron, because Thales, about 600 B. C., discovered that amber, when rubbed, attracts light and dry bodies, and in the twelfth century the scientific priests of Etruria drew lightning from the clouds with iron rods. All mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, wheel and axle were known to the ancients and used in everyday life. They were expert builders.

Twenty centuries before the birth of Watt Nero of Alexandria described machines whose motive power was steam. He also invented a double force pump, used as a fire engine, and anticipated the modern turbine wheel by a machine he called "neolipse."

While the learned of Europe were forbidding, as a heresy, the doctrine of the globular figure of the earth, the caliph Al Mamun was measuring the length of a degree along the shores of the Red sea. He and his successors repeatedly determined the obliquity of the ecliptic. A Saracen constructed the first table of sines, another explained the nature of twilight and showed the importance of allowing for atmospheric refraction in astronomical observations.

In the schools of the present day Euclid's elements of geometry, written over 2,000 years ago, is used as a text book. Euclid also wrote on music and optics antedating much we think we have discovered. Both algebra and chemistry were invented and brought into Europe by the Mohammedans, and chemistry and algebra are Arabic words.

Locks like those in use today, which could only be opened by the knowledge of a certain combination of numbers, were known to the Chinese centuries ago, while Hobbs gave his name to a lock found in an Egyptian tomb.

Our clocks and sun dials were invented in the orient. The finest linen in the world has come out of East Indian looms. The coffee we so much desire for breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of upper India prepared the sugar with which to sweeten it, while every schoolboy in the land can tell the meaning of the Sanskrit words "sacchara canda."

The virtues of tea were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese, who also showed us how to make the cup and saucer in which to serve it. Breakfast trays were first lacquered in Japan. Leavened bread was first made of the waters of the Ganges river. Eggs as an article of diet were first used by the Malaccans, and when we speak of Shanghai chickens we but mention an Asiatic name. Persia first grew the cherry, the peach and the plum. Alcohol was first distilled by the Arabians, and when we talk about coffee and alcohol we are using Arabic words.

We gratify our taste in the way of personal adornment in the way taught us by orientals—viz, with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China, and Europe has invented nothing which can rival the game of chess. We have no hydraulic constructions as great as the Chinese canal, no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese wall; we have no artesian wells that can approach in depth some of theirs, nor have we ever tried to obtain coal gas from the interior of the earth, while they have borings for that purpose more than 3,000 feet deep.

Oriental physicians practiced vaccination over 1,000 years ago. Anaesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp known as "una yo" to deaden pain, something similar to our modern cocaine.—*Los Angeles Times.*

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

THE WAY WE PROSPER.

Compiled For The Chronicle by Walter J. Ballard.

And here is a tribute to the conquering power of American machinery: The latest British advocate for the use of machinery on the American plan is one of the strongest labor members of the British Parliament, W. Abrahams, who was lately on a visit to the United States. In addressing his constituents in Rhonda Valley recently he said that at one time he thought that working with machinery could not be to the advantage of the men he represented. He returned from America thoroughly cured of the prejudice which he, with others of his class, had entertained, and he would in future advocate, wherever possible and necessary, the use of machinery to produce things necessary to maintain Great Britain in competition with other countries. Having explained how 1,200 tons of steel rails were produced every twenty-four hours in Illinois by machinery without the aid of manual labor, except in directing it, he said that in the past, whenever an excuse was wanted in his country for not adopting the American plan, the prejudice of workmen against machinery was trotted out. The capitalists of America would not put up with the second best of anything and whenever a new plant was invented they calculated the purchase cost to them and threw away machinery that would be used in England for ten or fifteen years longer. He declared it was the duty of capitalists in his country to find first of all the plant, and then the workers could be taught to regulate machinery instead of acting like machines themselves, as they had done too long. And so it goes, with America increasing its lead every hour.

The Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railroad Company has decided to run an extension from Weatherford, Okla., to Falooga, the county seat of Dewey county, and north from there to Woodward, a distance of 109 miles. No other railroad traverses this country, which is very rich in cattle and agriculture.

A census bulletin just issued on the silk industry in the United States exhibits proof of remarkable growth. For many years France had almost a monopoly of the manufacture of fine silks. The annual value of France's silk production is estimated at \$122,000,000. In 1889 the United States produced silk to the value of \$107,256,258 and doubtless by this time, so rapid is the growth of the domestic silk industry, is in the lead.

There was an increase of 53 per cent. in the capital employed in silk manufacture last year as compared with 1890. The increase in the value of products was 23 per cent., and in cost of materials used 22 per cent. The value of the gross products of this industry in Pennsylvania aggregated \$31,072,924 in 1900. It is stated in the report that the growth of this industry in the United States under the protective tariff has seriously affected the industry in Germany and some other countries.

At the same time, silk is cheaper today than ever before. No longer is its use confined to the rich. The poorest use it increasingly and the \$21,000,000 in wages which this industry disburses annually in this country constitutes a welcome addition to the income of thousands of wage-earning families.

A Pittsburg inventor has perfected a cotton picking machine on which he has been experimenting for ten years, that will greatly reduce the cost of raising cotton but will only be applicable to level lands of the prairie type.

Contrast these figures of business failures and draw the natural inference oaring in mind our immensely increased area of natural business risk 1902, democratic, 15,242 failures with \$31,779,880 liabilities; 1901, republican, 11,002 failures with \$13,923,762 liabilities.

But let us not give up one iota of our home market or the foundation of our progress and prosperity will crumble away. This home market or the results of labor is incalculable. It is easily \$30,000,000,000 annually, and it practically all goes to labor in one form or another. In agriculture, in manufacture, in mining, in transportation, in trade, in clerical work, in professional work, in communication, in comfort, convenience and luxury—at every turn we find work for the heads of 30,000,000 salary or wage earners whose spendable income is fully \$30,000,000,000 a year. This is the result of the American system of production, the like of which is known nowhere else under the sun. Let us branch out as we will, let us gain all the new markets that come our way, but never, in any essential at the expense of any part of our own home trade and industry."—American Economist.

"When we think of the flag furling advocated retention of territory acquired in the interests of humanity and consecrated with American blood, we are consoled with the assurance that the republican party holds the winning side on all the great questions that will be before the country this year."—Moravian Falls, N. C., Yellow Jacket.

The almost inexhaustible natural resources of our country, aided and developed by republic policies, enable the census bureau to tell us that we have 500,000 factories, mills and workshops, with \$10,000,000,000 (ten thousand millions) capital, 5,500,000 wage earners, earning \$2,500,000,000 (two thousand five hundred millions) yearly wages.

The United States, our doubly united states, bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean, on the south by the torrid zone, on the east by the China sea, and on the west by the setting sun. Long may we prosper!—Schenectady, N. Y., May 1.

News on every page of the Herald.

The Top of a Town

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HORSE NOTES.



Dan Mahaney will take Idolita and Eleata to the Dover track within a few days.

Little Gyp, the wonder which was recently purchased by Warren F. Danforth, was bred across the river in the town of Kittery.

John Mulligan is the landlord at the hotel at Granite State park, Dover.

An own sister to Eleata, 2,081, will be sold at auction next week at Cleveland, O., that is entered in \$60,000 worth of stakes.

Daniel Mahaney of the Maplewood Farm stables has his horses out jogging them around the quarter mile track at the farm every day getting them down fine for the summer work.

Tom Marsh has eighteen of the Lawson horses in training at Dover. The man who made Maplewood Farm famous thinks he has the greatest lot of trotters in his charge that can be found in the country.

Pomdexter, 2,112, is the first horse ever offered for sale by Thomas W. Lawson. If the horse should take a mark of 2:00 he wouldn't be retained at Dreamland as he doesn't "nick" with their proposed line of breeding.

"Happy" Jack Trout, who handled Anacorda, 2,013, last year, is at the Dover track with four horses from Canada. At this time last year "Happy" Jack was riding as fast, if not faster miles than any other trainer in the country. The horses he has this year are Mamie B., by Gambetta Wilkes; May Patchen, by Patchen Wilkes, out of a sister to Rubenstein, 2,055; Joe Scott, 2,194, by Charles Derby; and Onward Patchen by Patchen Wilkes, dam by Onward.

The breeding division of the trotting bred stock of Thomas W. Lawson that has been kept at Granite State park, Dover, for the past year, was removed last week to his new farm, Dreamland, at Scituate, Mass. There were sixty brood mares and stallions and thirteen foals, that were dropped at the park since March, and another was foaled on the car en route. A special train of seven baggage cars and a passenger coach was necessary to transport the outfit. This will give the horses that are in training for the season's campaign, more room and other trainers will commence to move their horses to this popular training ground. The racing division at the Lawson stable will remain at the track under the care of Thomas Marsh, and he claims to have the best material for racing that he has ever had.



Richard Mansfield made the announcement last week in Pittsburg that he will devote himself entirely to the plays of Shakespeare next season. He will present Julius Caesar, Othello, The Merchant of Venice, Richard Third and Henry the Fifth. His season will open early in October.

William Bonch will have two American gentlemen companions on

the road next season. He will also make an elaborate scenic production of his new play early in the fall. The new play will introduce an effect never before seen on any stage, it is said.

Sir Henry Irving revived Faust at the London Lyceum April 26. Cecilia Loftus was the Marguerite.

Grace Cameron, late of the Foxy Quiller company, has been engaged to sing a principal role in the coming production of The Chinese Honey-moon.

It is reported that Charles Frohman has purchased the dramatic rights in Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor's novel, The Crimson Wing.

Peter F. Bailey and Della Fox are to star next season in a new English musical comedy, entitled in Fairyland.

Ellen Terry has announced her intention of presenting, in London, Charles Henry Moltzer's play, The First Duchess of Marlborough, the English rights of which she secured while in America.

William Mooney, of the Robert B. Mantell company, who fulfilled the managerial duties during the Manager M. W. Hanley's recent illness, has been presented by Mr. Hanley, in appreciation of his services, with a gold watch.

Violet V. Holmes, a young San Francisco actress, who played the ingenue in Hanton's Superbia, has been engaged for the title role in the same play for next season.

An Absentminded man. A local railroad official is an extremely absentminded man. He frequently forgets to go to lunch, and it is usually necessary to remind him that it is time for dinner.

His wife, knowing his little peculiarities, is his other self and looks carefully after his affairs at home. She sees to it that he does not go down town with one yellow and one black shoe and keeps his cuffs carefully separated. The strange thing about it is that he never under any circumstances forgets a business affair of any sort or confuses identities or anything of that kind in connection with the railroad, but he will return his sister-in-law's bow with a distant stare or an absentminded touch of the hat.

One day last summer he ran up to the lakes to spend a few hours with his wife and family. She had arranged for a game of golf, of which he is passionately fond, and he spent the afternoon playing foursome, winning with his partner against his wife and another man. That night he got on the train at the little station, his wife and the children having gone down with him. He bade them a fond farewell and then, after he had settled his effects in the sleeper, wrote a telegram, which he addressed to his wife at St. Louis, to this effect: "Will be home 8:30 Friday. Won't game today."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lever and the Archbishop.

Charles Lever, the novelist, was once the guest of Dr. Whately, the archbishop of Dublin, at his country seat. Among the other guests were some of the expectant clergy, who paid submissive court to their host. While the archbishop and his guests were walking through the grounds the prelate plucked a bush leaf which, he declared, had a most nauseous flavor.

"Taste it," said he, handing the leaf to one of the clergy. The latter smilingly obeyed, and then with a wry face subscribed to the botanical orthodoxy of the archbishop.

"Taste it, you, Lever," said the gratified prelate, handing the leaf to the novelist.

"No, thank you," said Lever, laughing. "My brother is not in your grace's diocese."

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This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

OLD TIME DINNERS.

The Way the Well to Do in the South Lived Before the War.

An old fashioned gentleman growing eloquent on the subject of southern hospitality and the viands that were set before friends and neighbors when invited to a feast, a reporter said:

"Will you state your recollections of what was served on such occasions if I write it down for you?"

"Of course I will," was the reply. "I can see such a table in my mind's eye right now. First, there was soup, of course. If it was cold weather, we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If it was in the midst of the vegetable season, we had rich, high colored beef soup, with plenty of tomatoes, okra, grated corn and such like, well proportioned and well seasoned with pepper and a little onion.

"When the soup plates were taken off, and after the tureen was set aside, then a fine home raised ham took its place in front of the hostess. I can discern the delicious flavor right now in my recollection. Sometimes the skin was peeled off and the outside plentifully sprinkled or dusted with black pepper, and that delicious meat was good as long as a piece was left on the bone. For my part, I liked it best with the skin left on, because the meat was cured so perfectly that even the skin was toothsome and preserved the juices until the meat was consumed.

"At the other end of the table, in front of the host, you would see a fine roast turkey—if the season was winter or early spring—garnished with parsley and slices of cold boiled eggs. The dressing was rich, made of bread crumbs if you had them, otherwise a pan was filled with thick, rich batter, plenty of eggs, plenty of butter, daintily seasoned, and cooked until the stuffing was of the right consistency, and then the fowl was packed full, and little cakes of the dressing, baked along in the pan, to garnish the sides of the great turkey dish. If the time was mid-summer, the turkey was replaced by huge dishes full of fried chicken and baked chicken, sometimes with the fowl 'smothered.' The chicken menu was varied if the time was ripe for kid meat or fat mutton, as it happened. Late in the fall a shoulder of fat pig or a whole young pig was seen, roasted to a turn.

"All along down the table you would find bowls of apple sauce, green or dried; stewed peaches, sweet and choice; rice, every grain standing alone; pickles of all kinds, potatoes, butter, honey, light bread, nice beaten biscuit and such desserts. Mince pies, apple and peach pies, the crusts crisp and flaky; apple dumplings, rich with sugar, spice and butter; cakes that were cakes sure enough, sponge jelly and pound cake that took an hour to make and three to cook, fruit cake that was better six months after it was made than at first, jellies, preserves, boiled custards and syllabub that it makes my mouth now water to recall them in such bountiful profusion. Gracious plenty was in the kitchen as well as the house, and no chef in a millionaire's kitchen is as much gratified as the old time cook, whose head kerchief or turban was as white as her fresh apron was spotless whenever her mistress called her name and introduced her to the ladies who lingered at the table after the men folk had gone to the piazza or the parlor for an after dinner smoke."—Atlanta Journal.

The Wicked Magpie.

As to that famous thief in feather—the magpie who stole the spoon while the girl was flirting and got the daughter of Eve into a deal of trouble—it is altogether unlikely that the bird cared one grub whether the spoon was silver or electroplate. He knew that it would have a very fine appearance among the ragged sticks of his domed nest, and so, as no one was looking, he drew it out from among the others just as gently as if he were playing spiccas, gave three hops and a flap of his wings and the spoon and the girl's reputation for honesty went away over the fields together.

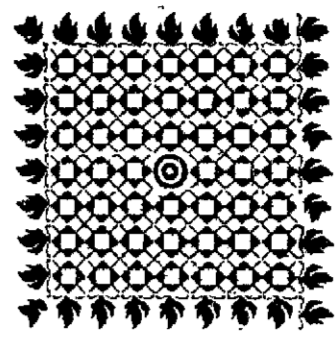
Other damning instances there are of jackdaw and magpie, the red legged chough, and even, and to say, the clerical gaited raven, being decoyed from the straight path of rectitude by the empty glitter of a gem. Unlike Aesop's moralizing cock, who, having scratched up a necklace, apostrophized heaven of the uselessness of such a stroke of luck to him, these sabbie, solemn fowl seem to have a burglars twist in their nature over which they have no control. In proportion to their reverend aspect and grave demeanor in their serious suits of black is their eagerness to pilfer at all costs any bit of tawdry metal ware to give a dash of meretricious finery to their bare nests.—Longman's Magazine.

Very Convenient.

An energetic vicar of an English country parish, who had long labored to raise the funds necessary to add a set of chimneys to his parish church, was one day both surprised and gratified by an elderly lady who, though reputed to be very well off, had hitherto declined to contribute, offering to complete his subscription list provided the new chimneys would be sounded at a specific hour each evening. This was agreed to, and they were soon in active operation.

Meeting her out one day, he repeated his acknowledgments, saying: "I am so glad to have been able to meet your views. It must please you very much to hear those grand old hymn tunes at night."

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "and it is really so very convenient! That stupid maid of mine brings me my medicine now quite regularly."—London Tit-Bits.



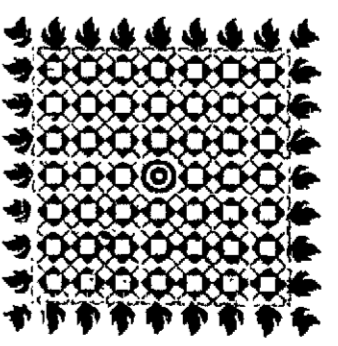
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Winter Arrangement.
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth

or Boston—3:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 8:50, 8:00, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, p. m.
or Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m., 8:55, p. m.
or Wells Beach—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
or Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.
or North Conway—9:55, a. m., 2:45, p. m.

or Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 8:30, p. m.
or Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 8:30, p. m.
or Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m., 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:48, a. m., 8:57, p. m.
or North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m., 5:00, p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m., 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m., 6:40, 7:00, p. m.

Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m., 12:45, 6:00, p. m. Sunday, 2:00, a. m., 12:45, p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m., 4:15, p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m., 8:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00, a. m., 4:05, 6:39, p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m., 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 7:30, a. m., 9:25, p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m., 2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday, 6:26, 10:06, a. m., 8:09, p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:22, 11:55, a. m., 2:19, 5:05, 6:21, p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12, a. m., 8:15, p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m., 12:01, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18, a. m., 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations or Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a. m., 12:45, 5:25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8:39, a. m., 12:54, 5:33, p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m., 1:07, 5:58, p. m.

Epping—9:22, a. m., 1:21, 6:14, p. m. Raymond—9:32, a. m., 1:32, 6:25, p. m.

Returning leave
Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m., 3:30, p. m.
Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m., 4:20, p. m.

Raymond—9:10, 11:48, a. m., 5:02, p. m.
Epping—9:22, a. m., 12:00, m., 5:15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m., 12:17, 5:55, p. m.

Greenland Village—10:01, a. m., 12:29, 6:08, p. m.

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Leaves Portsmouth.—8:10, 8:30, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, *10:00 a. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m.

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THE HEADY BURGLAR

METHODS HE USES TO PUT THE POLICE ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Two Cases Where Coolness and Presence of Mind Were More Effective Than Fleetness of Foot in Evading the Officers of the Law.

"The crooks of Chicago don't believe in the running game in attempting to escape when caught at work," said a Chicago detective who was in Washington last week, "and I'm rather inclined to believe that they've got the sensible end of it. A man who starts to run away from one or more policemen, no matter whether he is swifter of foot than a deer, is bound to be colored nine times out of ten, whether he makes his dash at midday or in the middle of the night. He has to take the big chance of being headed off by other cops, and he has to take chances on the blind alleys that he's liable to run into. The crook, caught red handed, who keeps longest out of the clutches of the police, is the man who uses his head and who doesn't run. To illustrate:

"A few months ago a well known Chicago housebreaker, who has put in numerous hefty stretches at Joliet, decided to crack a crib on Prairie avenue, one of the swaggar houses of the town. He found that the whole family occupying the house were going to the theater on a certain night, and he figured on all of the servants remaining below stairs after the family's departure. He made a second story job of it, climbing up a porch, and he got in without a bit of trouble. It was really something easy, and the fellow simply got pockets full of jewelry. The thing was passing off beautifully when a maid-servant walked in on him while he was ransacking the dressers in one of the ladies' boudoirs. She let out a scream and went skidding down the steps to where the menservants were. The crook sloped for the front door on the second floor and slipped down the same porch stanchion that he had used in climbing up. He was pretty quick, and he was a couple of doors away, on the sidewalk, before a lot of servants burst out of the house and began to yell for the police.

Now, if that crook had started to run there is no manner of doubt that he would have been headed off, and he would have stood more than an even chance of being shot into the bargain, if not by a cop, then by some citizen or other, for since the reign of footpad terror in Chicago a few years ago a majority of the citizens who stay out late of nights pack guns around with them. Well, this thief didn't do any running stunt at all. There was an undertaker's wagon standing in front of a house about five doors away from the one he had robbed. No one was in the wagon. The crook saw his chance. He stepped aboard the wagon in a leisurely manner, gave a cluck to the horse and started to drive off at a lazy trot just as a couple of officers charged around the corner. He pulled the wagon up to talk to the cops.

"I guess somebody's been killed down in that house, the way they're yelling," he said to the cops.

"Have you seen any one running by here?" the policeman asked him.

"Well, just as I hopped aboard the wagon there was a duck chased out of that house and screwed down the other way," replied the thief, and the policemen took up their lops and started for the robbed house. The thief drove down Prairie avenue with all the leisure in life. He abandoned the wagon after going a mile, and took a down town car. I mailed him a couple of months later when he was drunk, on suspicion of having a hand in a certain job, and he was boastful enough to own up to it and to tell me how he'd got away on the occasion I've told you about.

"Still more recently there was another well known Chicago second story man caught in the act of going through a house on one of the prominent boulevards. The butler came in on him, and he punched the butler a swift one and backhanded him. Then he walked swiftly out of the house and down the steps, a number of the other servants meantime appearing at the basement door and howling. Down in the next block a big gang of all night men were engaged in putting in new sewer pipes. The crook didn't take up any spirit, but he just made for the scene of the sewer pipe operations at a good walking clip. He was got up pretty roughly, and he jumped into the first ditch he came to, after having caught up a pick that was lying on the brink, and started in to work.

"There was a Swede in the pit there with him, but the Swede had the proper Scandinavian stolidity, and he didn't pay any attention to his new digging companion. The crook piled his pick there for an hour, while cops plowed around all over the street looking for the robber. When the excitement had all died down, he dropped his pick and stole silently away. There was rum in this one's head, too, when one of my sleuth pals got him, and he told chestily of the neat way he had given the cops the slip. So many of the Chicago crooks are adopting similar tactics nowadays that it is rare for a Chicago policeman to get a run for his money, in the half literal sense."—Washington Star.

A Pig For an Emblem.

The emblem of the county of Sussex, England, is a pig—a pig with amazing ears and long legs. The peasants have a way of making little pigs out of clay and selling them for 2 shillings to the ever straying tourists. I have one before me now, standing on his tail, apparently trying to swallow half a box of matches. Across his forehead is written the Sussex motto, "He won't be driven." So you may have inferred, a pig in the county is not looked upon as a particularly desirable citizen.

DIVING FOR FIREWOOD.

Sandwich Islanders' Way of Filling the Wood Box.

Boys whose most distasteful task is to keep the wood box filled, or who are expected to split the kindling wood every night, would undoubtedly enjoy living at Hawaii. Firewood there is not only very scarce, but they get it, out of the water, another feature of the matter which would probably appeal to such of the boys as delight in "gold swimming." H. W. Henshaw, writing in The Youth's Companion, says of this custom:

Upon the shores of Hawaii firewood is a scarce and precious commodity. The present forests do not grow near the sea, and the labor of bringing wood from the distant timber is great, especially as roads are few. Practically all the firewood of the natives, and much that is used by the Europeans in the towns, is drift that is brought down periodically from the uplands by freshets that follow heavy rains.

There is nothing strange in all this, but what is strange is the way the natives gather the wood. Pick it up on the beach? Not at all; at least, very little is obtained in that commonplace manner.

Much of the island timber is extremely heavy, and instead of floating in orthodox fashion, as wood should do, it promptly sinks to the bottom. As the freshest gathers headway, down come the heavy tree trunks and branches, dashing fiercely against the rough lava sides of the stream and bumping against the bottom till all semblance of their original shape is lost and they are bruised into shapeless blocks or split into kindling.

The current carries them well into the ocean, where they settle into the sand. The first stage of their journey is over, now for the second. In a day or two the ocean rises in its might and sends in huge breakers upon the shores, which catch the logs and splinters and roll them over and over, still on the bottom, toward the beach.

Here is the native's chance. He has been waiting long for just such an opportunity. Down to the shore come the Kanakas in troops. No one is left behind save the sick and the blind. Men, women and children are all on the beach, having an eye both to business and to pleasure.

The women are clad in old, loose holakus, a garment I may best describe by likening it to the original "Mother Hubbard." The men don their garments and don the economical malo, or waist cloth. The children follow suit, so far as doffing goes, and down-well, to tell the truth, most of them don nothing, and if they are satisfied, you and I need not complain. And now for it.

The men dash into the breakers, diving under the big combers and rising on the crests of the smaller ones till they are out shoulder high; then they feel around with their feet till they find a piece of wood—it may be only a splinter, or it may be a log so large as to require the aid of a rope to pull it in; but, large or small, no matter. Down dives the Kanaka head foremost to seize the prize.

The women and children wade in a little distance to catch the smaller pieces that get past the men, and soon the piles on the shore grow from nothing to cords.

A hardy native will stay in the water, wading and diving, for a couple of hours and then come out, pretty thoroughly chilled, to sun himself on the beach in readiness for another bout with the waves, meantime solacing himself with the inevitable pipe or cigarette.

Hard work is this wood gathering by diving, what between the buffeting of the waves, the cold and the labor of tugging the logs ashore. But for all that shouts and laughter fill the air, and one might suppose the occasion was a summer picnic.

Whatever his faults, the Kanaka has not added to the gloom and discontent of the world. He endures disappointment and misfortune with equanimity, and when the clouds pass and the sun shines he is ready to laugh and be glad.

Animals and Birds That Fight.

You would hardly believe that moles, clumsy and almost blind, become perfect demons when they quarrel.

No one knows what they quarrel about, but if they once start fighting, one has to die. They will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to one another like bulldogs, and burying their enormous strong jaws and teeth in one another's flesh.

Hedgehogs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive looking animal, not only fight, but always to the death, and when one is killed the other generally devours him.

Hares, on the other hand, are proverbially the most timid of creatures; yet they can fight. A fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight, as they skip and jump over one another. But a blow from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent.

Among birds, robins are the most pugnacious. More than one case could be quoted of two robins so frantically set on killing one another as to have allowed themselves to be picked up in the hands of a looker on and there have laid with beak and claws deeply buried in one another's plumage.

Enjoying the Ride.

A schoolboy who was going to a party was cautioned by his mother not to walk home if it rained, and she gave him money for a cab. It rained heavily, and great was the mother's surprise when her son arrived at home, drenched to the skin.

"Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Alf?"

"Oh, yes, but when I ride with you you always make me ride inside! This time I rode on the box, and it was so jolly!"—London Telegraph.

PELTING THE EARTH.

A CONSTANT SHOWER OF METEORS INTO OUR ATMOSPHERE.

Some of the Larger Ones Which Reached the Earth Unconsumed. Fragment of a Comet's Tail—The Intense Cold of Space Felt by Man.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meteors that are constantly pelting the earth. About 2,000 of these wanderers in space hit our atmosphere every 24 hours. Most of the meteors are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat and sets them ablaze. Sometimes part of one may reach the earth; but, as a rule, they are consumed, and the dust alone, cosmic dust, drops upon the surface.

One of the earliest known meteors fell in 204 B. C. in Phrygia, where for a long time it was worshipped. It was carried to Rome and was supposed to be a messenger from the gods. Livy describes a shower of meteoric stones. The people were greatly alarmed, and the senators were demoralized and declared a nine days' festival to propitiate the gods. There is at Mecca a meteorite which fell in 600 A. D. and is still worshipped by the faithful.

In Chinese literature there is mention of meteors which fell in 64 B. C. The oldest known meteorite which was seen to fall is now on exhibition at Essenheim, Alsace, Germany. In 1492 it came crashing down through the air with a roar that froze and peasantry with fright. It buried itself deeply in the earth. It weighed 260 pounds and hangs today in the parish church.

The Chupaderos meteorite, which weighed 25 tons, fell in Chihuahua, Mexico. The largest meteorite known is the Peary stone, which weighs approximately 100 tons. The stone of Canon Diablo weighs at least ten tons and exploded high in air, the pieces being found all over the surrounding country. In Italy several instances are known of the loss of life from meteorites. A peasant was sitting in his cabin and was killed by an iron mass that crashed through the roof. The act was regarded as a visitation of divine anger.

The city of Milan is perhaps the only one that has been struck by a meteorite. A meteorite of several pounds' weight fell in the heart of that city in the year 1600, on the authority of Paolo Maria Tezzayo, and struck a Franciscan monk.

More remarkable are the falls at sea. That a ship should be struck would seem an extraordinary chance, yet a Swedish ship was so struck, the stone killing two of the crew. On Dec. 1, 1891, the ship Walkamming was sailing from New York to Bremen when her officers noticed a brilliant meteor that appeared to be bearing down on the vessel from southeast to northwest. It passed with a loud roar and hissing sound and plunged into the sea ahead of the ship. That it was a meteor of large size was evident, for a few minutes later the ship was struck by a tidal wave.

Even more remarkable was the experience of the British ship Cadwall, which reached San Francisco Nov. 20, 1897. During a severe storm a large and brilliant meteor was observed rushing down upon the ship, and with a roar and filling the air with fumes of sulphur it passed between the masts of the ship and fell into the sea not 50 feet from the rail.

One of the greatest curiosities possessed by man today is a supposed fragment of a comet in Mazapil, Mexico. The fragment is believed to be in part of the tail of Biela's comet. In 1846 something happened in space. A wreck occurred. Biela's comet may have collided with another comet. In any case, the comet divided, and many living observers remember seeing the two parts gradually separating.

Some fatality pursued one part of the comet, and it met its fate in infinite space. Literally went to pieces and became a wreck upon the shoreless sea of space. Astronomers predicted that if the comet itself did not appear in 1872 its wreckage would become visible as shooting stars, and this prediction was realized apparently, as on Nov. 27, 1872, there burst from the heavens a cloud of shooting stars. During the display one piece dropped upon the earth and was secured at Mazapil, Mexico, and was declared to be a part of the great comet.

The average meteorite immediately after its fall is intensely hot, but at least one, which was handled immediately after falling, still held the intense cold of space. A few men can say that they have experienced this. A meteorite exploded above Dhurnana, Kangra and Punjab, India, in 1860, and a section was picked up immediately by some natives, who dropped it with expressions of pain. The explosion had exposed the interior of the meteor, which had been chilled by the intense cold of space and was so cold that its effect was like a burn. This fragment is now to be seen in the Field museum. Of it Dr. Parington, the curator, said, "This is perhaps the only instance known where the cold of space has become perceptible to human senses."—New York Sun.

Unwelcome Sifter.

"Well, Miss Grace, time was, time is, but time shall be no more." Miss Grace—Why, Mr. Stacy, I hope you don't intend to remain till the clock runs down! It's an eight day time-piece!—Jewelers' Weekly.

Actually Insulting.

Conductor (hastily)—How old is that child?
Young Mother (indignantly)—Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?—New York Weekly

THE DYNAMITE DRUMMER.

A Dangerous Profession That Brings In a Good Salary.

The little man who scribbled illegibly on the St. James register bore an innocuous name. It was Pink Firkin, New York. He bore also an innocuous appearance, for he was not more than five feet four in height, with slim frame, narrow shoulders and eyes of the mildest and most appealing blue.

Notwithstanding all this, Pink Firkin is a dangerous man. This dangerousness rises not from the inward man, but from his occupation. When he stepped up to the desk to put his name on the register it was with the most painstaking care that he placed upon the marble counter a little black bag which he carried in his left hand. Carefully, gently, he placed it by his side, and between almost every letter he wrote he looked out of the corner of his eye at the little black bag to see if it were really there.

"Traveling for a jewelry firm, I suppose?" questioningly remarked the professional lounge, who had grown curious.

"No, dynamite," answered Mr. Firkin, with a faint smile. It was the latter's turn to start. He recovered himself, and as the rest of the loungers in the rotunda, including the clerks, made rapid exits in both directions, put on a bold front.

"Oh, dynamite?" he returned, with a show of unconcern. "Only dynamite, Humph."

"Yes, my firm in New York makes the best dynamite in the world—goes off at the slightest shock. Great stuff. Want to see some?" inquired the drummer, his professional training getting the upper hand. He took the satchel in his hand with some roughness, and the professional lounge set himself in position for a quick sprint. Nothing happened, and the lounge hastily disavowed any interest in dynamite.

"Yes, it is a ticklish profession," smiled the traveling gentleman as he showed the satchel under the lounge where he had invited the interrogator to sit and chat with him. "A little dangerous and inconvenient—yes, indeed, inconvenient at times. We have to be careful," and his eyes were a hunted look.

"But we get paid for it—we get paid for it. You would not believe that I get the biggest salary of any man on the road, but I do. It is a big risk, and we have to lay up something. The companies will not insure us."

He grasped a thin knee in both hands as he crossed his legs and continued:

"That is not the worst of it—inconvenient. Traveling around with this stuff exposes us to all sorts of discourtesies from hotel managements. Sometimes we can't get rooms in a town for love or money, for people won't have the stuff in the house, and the guests come in a body and complain when they find out that one of us is registered. There are only three in my line, you know. Under those circumstances, as we dare not leave our samples, the police station is the only recourse. I'm registered as a 'sleeper' in a good number of towns in this vicinity."

He paused a minute for this statement to take effect. "Then there are the railroads to buck up against. Some of them have rules against carrying explosives. Sometimes I get caught, and then off I go at the next station or foot it the rest of the way. I am not particularly fond of railroad travel at any rate. With the cargo I carry a wreck is something to be afraid of. Even the jarring of the cars on a rough road makes me so uncomfortable that I have to take up my satchel and pace the aisle to reduce the shock."

"The one thing that I fear is a wreck. If I ever get into one, it means goodbye to Pink Firkin. Just imagine that stuff going off underneath you!"—Denver Republican.

A Cuckoo Caught in the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room in its foster mother's nest by evicting the rightful occupants, hatched and unhatched. As, however, few people have had the good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it has been rather difficult to understand exactly how the ingrate managed to turn out eggs and squabs.

A patient naturalist, John Craig, has now solved the mystery, and in The Feathered World there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stopbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoo in the two pictures is once grasped, one can see how well suited for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping backward, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
MAY 6.

Rise of Sun, 4:31; Moon, 10:38 A. M.
Sun sets, 7:58; Moon, 10:38 P. M.
Length of Day, 14:14; Full Moon, 10:38 P. M.

New Moon, May 7th, 5h. 45m., evening, W.
First Quarter, May 14th, 5h. 40m., morning, E.
Full Moon, May 22d, 5h. 40m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, May 30th, 7h. 0m., morning, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, May 5.—Forecast for New England: Generally fair Tuesday and Wednesday; fresh north winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1902.

Consider well your actions. What's done you can't recall. No use to pull the trigger. Then to try to stop the ball. —Lippincott's Magazine.

TONIGHT.

Regular meeting of Warner club. Thomas Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. Music hall. Parish supper and entertainment. Universalist vestry. Special convocation of Washington Chapter, Masonic hall.

CITY BRIEFS.

The tardy leaves are showing their colors. Go to Music hall tonight and see Rip Van Winkle. Strawberries are selling today for twenty-three cents a box.

Local news may be found on pages 1, 3, 4 and 6.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Seats for Barbara Frietchie go on sale this Tuesday morning.

These are troublesome times for dealers in stocks on margin.

The Maplewoods want games with teams in the surrounding towns.

Farmers in this vicinity expect an unusually large crop of hay and fruit this season.

Last whist party and dance of the season at town hall, Newmarket, Friday evening, May 9th.

If you board, look on the bright side. Nothing is better for the system than prunes. —Atchison Globe.

Thomas Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle is the splendid attraction at Music hall this Tuesday evening.

Compare the Herald with other evening papers.

Many of the burial lots in the cemetery are receiving their usual spring attention from workmen.

The sale of seats for Barbara Frietchie begins this Tuesday morning at the Music hall box office.

Bad blood and indigestion are deadly enemies to good health. Burdock Blood Bitters destroys them.

Rip Van Winkle at Music hall this Tuesday evening.

Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. R. L. Reinwald, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

Judge Putnam will preside at the May term of the United States circuit court, which opens in this city on Thursday.

Miss Miriam Schuman of Middle road entertained the Junior Epworth League of the Methodist church on Monday afternoon.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup, if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand for the emergency.

Among the pension changes resulting from the issue of April 15, under the classification of "restoration, 1-1500, etc.," is "Isaac F. Jenness, Portsmouth, \$10."

"You are a flood of sweetness," whispered the young man with the large imagination.

"And you," responded the sweet girl, "are a spring freshet."

Portsmouth wants to build a battleship. Now that the country has a secretary of the navy who is a sailor from that shore Portsmouth ought to have a pull that will bring it the job it bankers for.—Nashua Press.

Plowed Up.—Rube: "When you got it at yer spring plowin'?" Josh: "I don't calculate to do none, Rube. You don't? Why? Josh:—Won't have ter. I've fowed a lot of amateur golfers to use my fields for practice before they're ready."

PERSONALS.

Miss Elizabeth Kane passed Monday in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Rand have returned from a visit to New York.

W. T. Dodge, city editor of the Manchester News was a visitor in town today.

Mrs. Charles Quinn left this morning for Staten Island to attend the funeral of her father.

The members of the Latest Whist club were entertained by Miss Georgia Webster on Monday evening.

Judge of Probate Thomas J. Leavitt and Registrar of Probate George W. Richards were in the city today.

Frank W. Teague of Worcester, Mass., formerly secretary of the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A., is the guest of his father in this city.

GROGER HASKELL GONE.

Has Not Been At His Store Since Friday Last.

An Attachment Placed On Stock This Noon And Place Closed.

Thought That Liabilities Would Reach \$2000 With \$1000 Assets.

Howard M. Haskell, who has done business as a grocer at No. 95½ Congress street for the past two years, is among the missing and his place has been closed up and is in the hands of the sheriff.

Haskell left the store on Friday last telling his chief clerk that he was going to his home in Merrimac. Since then he has not been seen, so far as known, by any one in the city.

This forenoon Fisher, a Boston wholesaler, came here and placed an attachment on the stock and Sheriff Collis took charge.

The father of the missing man arrived in town today and stated that his son had not been at his home in Merrimac, neither did he know where he was.

Much sympathy is expressed about town for the unfortunate young man who was quiet and unassuming in his ways and it is thought that had he let his friends know the strait he was in they would have helped tide him over the difficulty.

Several local merchants have Haskell's name on their books for quite large amounts.

Young Haskell married a well known Portsmouth young lady some time ago and has one child.

It is thought that his liabilities will total up about \$2000 with \$1000 assets.

WHIST AND DANCING.

Very Pleasant Assembly Held in Conservatory Hall On Monday Evening.

The assembly held at Conservatory hall on Monday evening under the auspices of Miss Anna B. Cook was a very pleasant affair and well attended.

From eight o'clock until ten whist was played, and the prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies' first, a handsome rug, Mrs. Mabel Moulton; second, a picture entitled "On the Watch," Mrs. Thomas W. Bowen; third, a fancy candlestick, Mrs. M. Kiley; gentlemen's first, a burntwood pipe holder with Indian's head, Willis H. Alvin; second, a picture, Frank Smith; third, a tobacco jar, Thomas W. Bowen.

Dancing followed until midnight. Miss Cook furnishing piano music for it.

ST. ANDREW'S LODGE.

It Receives An Official Visitation From Several Prominent State Officers.

A special communication of St. Andrew's lodge, No. 56, A. F. and A. M., was held in Masonic hall on Monday evening for the purpose of receiving an official visitation from District Deputy Grand Master Josiah P. Jenness of Dover and District Deputy Grand Lecturer Bela Kingman of Newmarket.

Several candidates received the Entered Apprentice degree and at the conclusion of the ritual work, a sumptuous collation was served in the banquet hall. The attendance was large.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Maplewoods v. Belleville Athletic club of Newburyport at the Plains next Saturday afternoon.

Yale was beaten by Pennsylvania on Saturday in the first game played between these great universities in several years, by the close score of four to two.

Quite a crowd of Portsmouth men are to go to Dover today, Tuesday, to see the opening game in the New England league series at Central park, between Dover and Concord.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

Will Offer Help You Greatly. Read What A Portsmouth Citizen Says.

You many hesitate to listen to the advice to strangers, but the testimony of friends or residents of Portsmouth is worth your most careful attention. It is an easy matter to investigate such proof as this. Then the evidence must be conclusive. Read the following:

Mr. John Logan, of No. 7 Rock street, says:—"I never had any trouble with my kidneys until just before I obtained a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. I was taken all at once with a severe pain in the loins and it kept up a constant aching. Often it was so sore that it took my breath away to straighten up after bending forward, and my head reeled or I was seized with dizziness that almost obscured my vision. I brought the trouble on me by lifting heavily and I did not expect to ever get rid of it. When I had read about Doan's Kidney Pills, I thought I would try them. Before I had taken the whole box I began to feel better. Soon the pain left for good and I have not had the slightest indication of a return."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 N. Y. sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

INJURIES PROVE FATAL.

John Burke, Marine, Run Over In Freight Yard.

Taken To Hospital With Broken Hip And Lacerated Loins.

Was Found Lying Helpless Under Freight Car In Railroad Yard.

John Burke, a private in the marine corps stationed at this yard died at the Cottage hospital shortly after six o'clock this morning from injuries received in the railroad yard on Monday evening. The man was terribly injured, one hip, besides being fractured, was torn away from the spine, and his loins badly lacerated.

Burke was found lying under a freight car just above the Boston and Maine railroad station shortly after two o'clock this Tuesday morning, by Car Inspector Fred Thomas, whose attention was attracted to the spot by groans.

Burke was conscious, but beyond telling his name could not explain how he came there, in such a condition.

He was taken to the station, where Dr. Berry gave him a superficial examination, and then he was removed to the hospital in the police ambulance, which was in charge of Officers Hurley and Hilton.

Dr. Berry said that his injuries were of a serious nature that he might die before daylight.

The car under which Burke lay was a regular freight No. 250, bound for Boston. The ill-fated marine was very much intoxicated and it is surmised that he lay down there to sleep and was caught under the wheels as the car was being shunted.

Burke was locked up only a few nights ago for drunkenness. About ten o'clock on Monday evening Officer Kelly met him on State street and noticed that he had been drinking heavily, advised him to go to one of the hotels and return to the barracks at the navy yard.

The body of Burke who died at the hospital at six o'clock this morning was taken to Ham's undertaking establishment where Coroner Prime summoned witnesses to appear this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock when an investigation into the man's death would be made.

MUCH IMPROVED IN HEALTH.

Hon. Frank Jones Drops Down to Rockingham and Discusses Business Prospects.

Hon. Frank Jones was the center of an interested group of people at the Rockingham on Monday afternoon and it seemed like old times to see Mr. Jones discussing the prospects for the future of Portsmouth. He was much interested in the work of the White Mountain Paper company and the work now going on at Freeman's Point. Said he: "The citizens did not realize the first time Mr. Morgan and others called on me and talked over the matter of building the immense plant here, what it would mean to Portsmouth. It was three years ago that I first met these men and discussed the prospects of building the plant here."

For an hour Mr. Jones talked over the various interests and then returned to his residence at Maplewood farm. He was in excellent spirits and all were delighted to see him about again.

OBSEQUES.

The funeral of Charles H. McDonough was held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception this morning at 9:30 and was largely attended by the many friends of the deceased young man. Rev. P. J. Finnegan celebrated high mass. Interment took place in Calvary cemetery under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

At the home on Bridge street this afternoon at two o'clock occurred the funeral of John W. Dudley, Rev. L. H. Thayer officiating. Interment took place in the family lot at Harmony Grove. Undertaker O. W. Ham had charge of the funeral arrangements.

This afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the funeral of Ira S. Paul was held at his late home. Rev. Elbridge Gerry and Mrs. Smith officiated. Interment occurred in Holt Hill cemetery. Undertaker O. W. Ham of this city directed the funeral.

KENNEDY RELEASED.

Martin Kennedy, the chum of missing James Mellet, who was detained at police headquarters on Monday afternoon because he had circulated the story that Mellet was in the hospital here, was allowed to go on Monday afternoon. He was closely questioned by Marshal Entwistle after he had had a good sleep and satisfactorily explained why he had talked as he did.

PITCHES A GREAT GAME.

Walter Woods who left here Monday morning pitched a great game in Worcester that afternoon against the Worcester. The game lasted thirteen innings and then darkness put an end to the contest with four runs to the credit of each side.

GOT THEIR MONEY.

County Treasurer W. H. Polansky was in the city today paying the jurors of the superior court recently held in Exeter.

ON TRACK OF THIEF.

Dr. Benedict Has Hopes Of Getting His Wheel Back.

Learns That A Boy Off-red Bicycle For Sale In Stratham.

Goes To Exeter This Morning To Try And Capture His Man.

On Monday Doctor F. L. Benedict got trace of a racycle that was stolen from his stable in the rear of number two Middle street one evening last week.

Monday forenoon a lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age, of light complexion, about five feet four inches tall, dressed in dark clothes and wearing a blue cap, rode up to a farm residence in Stratham and tried to sell a wheel answering to the description of the one stolen from the Benedict stable.

The man with whom he tried to trade alleged the peculiar construction of the wheel gave him great suspicion when the boy offered to dispose of it at a very low figure. He decided not to buy and the lad mounted the wheel and started in the direction of Exeter.

Later the man learned that a wheel had been stolen in this city and got word to Doctor Benedict. This morning the doctor left for Exeter where he is in hopes to again get track of the thief, as he had no doubt but what the wheel offered for sale in Stratham was the one stolen from him.

THE DRY DOCK STRIKE.

Many of the Strikers Have Already Left Town.

The strike situation at the new dry dock at the navy yard remains about the same as on Monday. None of the men, with the exception of a few engineers running pumps, are at work, and while the union declares it could get these men out it will not do so, as it would probably damage the dock; the water not being pumped out as it leaks in from springs and from coffer dams. The officers of the yard have nothing to say about the strike, but street orders are in force about allowing men on the yard, and a satisfactory explanation is required before they are passed over the boat or man gate. None of the strikers have any interest at the yard, but the work orders tend to keep idlers away from the dock. The stonecutters who have been forced out by the strike are fast leaving town and by the time they are called in again there will have to be another crew.

Many of the Italians who went out on the strike went to the site of the White Mountain Paper company's works and secured employment there, and they will remain until after the strike is settled and probably after that. A vessel loaded with stone for the dock has been unloaded, but nothing else has been handled about the place.

How long the strike can last without government interference remains to be seen; but, on account of the dock being so far behind contact time, it is believed that the government will not let it last long before forcing some action.

OBITUARY.

William H. Brewster.

At his home in this city occurred Monday the death from dropsy, of William H. Brewster. At the time of his death Mr. Brewster was in his sixty-second year, having been born in Troy, N. Y., in 1840.

Upon October 30, 1862, he enlisted as a soldier in the Union army, serving most creditably his term of service in Co. C of the Eighth Massachusetts infantry, until the time of his discharge, upon August 7, 1864. During the above period, Mr. Brewster saw active service in the actions of Newbern, Whitehall and Kingston, N. C., also several minor engagements.

He also saw several years service in the navy. At the expiration of his term of service, he resumed the duties of his calling, which was that of shipwright, and as such did acceptable service at the Portsmouth navy yard. He was mustered April 5, 1901, as a comrade of General Gilman Marston of the Union Veterans.

Union, but owing to failing health, was confined to his home for a long period by serious and distressing illness. Mr. Brewster is survived by a wife and five children. Funeral services will be held at his late home, 26½ Water street, Wednesday, at 2:30 p. m.

James H. Young.

James H. Young, the well known grocer, died at his home on the corner of Cass and Islington streets this morning after an illness of about a week from stomach trouble. Deceased was about forty six years of age, and leaves a wife and little daughter to mourn his loss.

John Burke.

This morning John Burke, the marine who was badly injured in the freight yard Monday evening, died at the Cottage hospital about seven o'clock. Burke was about thirty-five years of age and has many friends in this city. Burke came to this city from the Charleston yard last December.

Benjamin J. Lake.

This morning at the Soldier's Home in Tilton occurred the death of Benjamin J. Lake after a long and painful illness, aged sixty nine years. The deceased for many years resided in this city and was a member of Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R. He is survived by a wife.

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



FIND THE TURKISH GIRL'S SWEETHEART.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Transportation on the river boats is lighter on account of the strike among the dry dock workmen.

It is nothing but a case of hustle for the mechanics from all the departments who are working aboard the Detroit.

Robert Ducker, coppersmith in the department of steam engineering, returned to work on Monday after a sick spell of two weeks.

Harvey Lewis, for some time fireman at the electric light plant, has taken a position as fireman on the steamer Alice Howard.

Boys No. 5, the last of the lot to be taken up in the river, has been repaired, painted and numbered and is now ready to be put back in place.

The granite cutters are said to be so much ahead of the block setters with their work that there is no danger of any delay from that source.

John Leahy of this city, for the last two years employed at the works of the Locke Regulation Valve company at Salem, Mass., has been required for duty as core maker in the steam engineering foundry.

Somebody in congress—good man, too, whoever he is—who has been working in favor of the appropriation for the removal of Henderson's point, seems to have got that point and "Pull-and-be-damned" point mixed up together in his mind. Henderson's point is a part of Seavey's island, on the Maine side of the river; the evil-named point is a ledge that projects into the river from Goat island, on the New Hampshire side.

The Boston and Maine's workmen's train to and from the yard, morning and evening, does not seem to have made any very deep cut in the patronage of the steamboats, although of course it must have had some effect in that direction; and neither train nor steamboats, nor both together, have wholly superseded transportation in small boats, which apparently becomes more popular as summer weather approaches, especially with yard workmen living at the South End.

The yards and dock crew are putting in an underground conduit across the yard. They are finding it a slow and hard job, owing to the hard ledge encountered near the surface almost everywhere along the line, but the conduit when finished will be a fine piece of work, five feet in height, and carrying the sewer, water, steam and compressed air pipes, and the electric wires for distributing power and light.

Work on the stone dry dock is now so far along that some kind of an idea can be formed as to how it will look when completed, although there is a vast amount to be done before it will be finished. When completed it will contain 9,000 blocks of granite cut to specified dimensions, of which about 2,500 blocks have been laid.

The big arch stone intended to be set in the side wall of the dock, over the culvert leading to the pumping station, to replace one broken last fall while being lowered into the dock, is expected to arrive this week from the quarry at Vinalhaven, Me. It is cut all ready for setting, and as soon as it is in position, the walls at the entrance to the dock will at once be built to the required height.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger will read a paper entitled "Pancreatic Cysts and their treatment, with reports of two cases," at the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Medical Society at Concord on the 15th inst. Dr. T. W. Luce of this city will open the discussion of the paper. Dr. Heffenger will also open the discussion on papers of Rev. Dr. C. Roberts and Dr. Ernest W. Cushing at the evening session of the council. Dr. J. J. Berry of this city will as usual submit the report on Necrology.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Ministers' association elected the following officers at its annual meeting on Monday morning, held in the annex of the Middle street Baptist church:

President, Rev. George W. Gile; Vice-President, Rev. Edward Robie of Greenland.

Secretary and Treasurer, William F. Hoch.

Programme committee, chairman, Rev. L. H. Thayer; Rev. Thomas Whiteside and Rev. E. C. Hall of Kittery.

CITY FARM ROW.

Supt. Shannon Refuses to Obey Order of Mayor Pender to Vacate.

There is trouble on between Mayor Pender, the county commissioners and Superintendent Shannon of the city farm, and all over the vote of the board of aldermen to close up the city farm by May 10.

It seems that the city solicitor presumably acting under orders, went to County Commissioner Spinney and notified him to remove the county charges at the city farm at once. This the commissioner refused to do saying that as yet he had no proof that they were county charges. If the commissioners could be satisfied as to their rightfully belonging on the county permits would be issued and the city would be at liberty to take the inmates to Brentwood. As none of them have yet been moved it is presumed that the commissioners have not yet been convinced that it is their duty to look after them.

Mayor Pender notified Supt. Shannon to get his traps together and vacate the farm by May 10. This Mr. Shannon refused to do until his successor be appointed or he be ordered so to do by a joint vote of the city councils who appointed him, and there the matter stands.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

Preparations Completed For Celebration Of The Eighty-Third Anniversary Of American Odd Fellowship.

Arrangements for the celebration of the eighty-third anniversary of American Odd fellowship on Wednesday evening by Osgood lodge and Union Rebekah and Fannie A. Gardner Rebekah lodges were completed on Monday evening at a meeting of the general committee appointed from the three organizations. It will be held in Odd Fellows hall and bids fair to be a notable event.

The entertainment will be furnished by the New Hampshire Rivals, a concert organization of new Hampshire artists, among them, Sadie Dickson-Simons. They will render a choice program after the banquet, which is to be served from six o'clock until half past seven. Members are asked to contribute cake.

The invitations to the celebration apply to all local Odd Fellows and their wives, all Rebekahs and their husbands and all members of the order, sojourning in this city at the time.

POLICE COURT.

This morning at 10 o'clock, Tomny, one of the well known "Sullivan kids" was arraigned before Judge E. H. Adams charged with stealing a silver watch. Johnnie Haber was said to have been mixed up in the affair but as he apparently knew nothing about it was allowed to go. Sullivan was bound over to the October term of the superior court and allowed to go on his own recognizance.

RECEIVED SAD NEWS.

Mrs. Quinn, wife of Police Officer Charles Quinn, received the sad news on Monday evening of the sudden death from heart disease at his home on Staten Island of her father, Michael McCarthy. The deceased was sixty-eight years of age and a prominent resident of that borough. Mrs. Quinn lost her mother about six months ago.

DRILL AND SOCIAL.

The Boys' brigade of the Y. M. C. A. had a social on Monday evening at the association rooms on Congress street and with it a drill. Assistant Paymaster G. M. Lukesh, U. S. N., gave a seasonable talk, refreshments were served and there was vocal and instrumental music.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, May 6.—Tag Piscataqua, Boston, with barges Dover and York for Eliot and barge P. N. Co. No. 9 for York, all light; tug Barge, Baltimore, Portland with barge Number Eighteen, Baltimore, Cape Porpoise, coal.

Thomas Jefferson, a worthy son of a worthy sire, interprets the quaint and interesting character of Rip Van Winkle at Music hall this Tuesday evening.



Underwood Typewriter

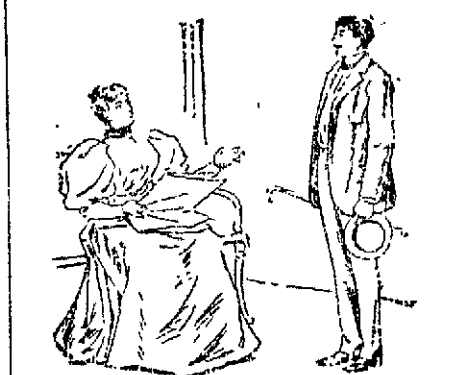
EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.

Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Touch Elastic Automatic Conventions Operation Unobscured Tabulating Rapidly Billing Speed Strength Maintained Actual Advantages

Examine the

UNDERWOOD

At the Herald Office



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing